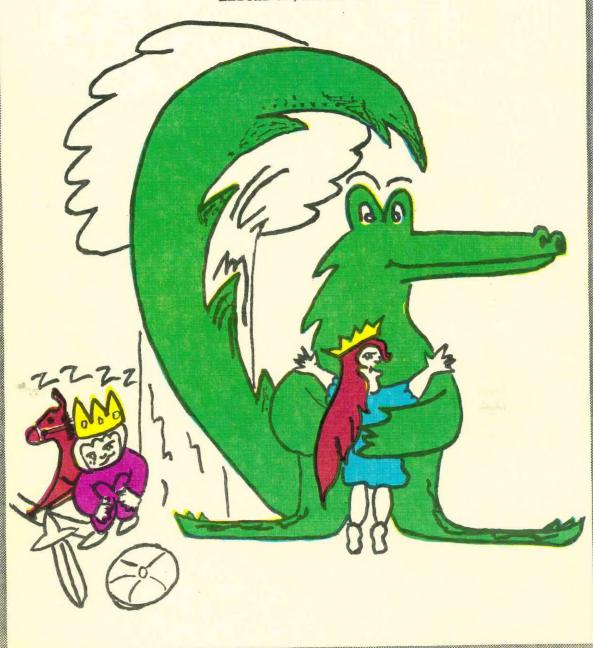
MORNING STAR

VOL. 9 1991-1992 NORTH SCOTT HIGH SCHOOL ELDRIDGE, IA. 52748



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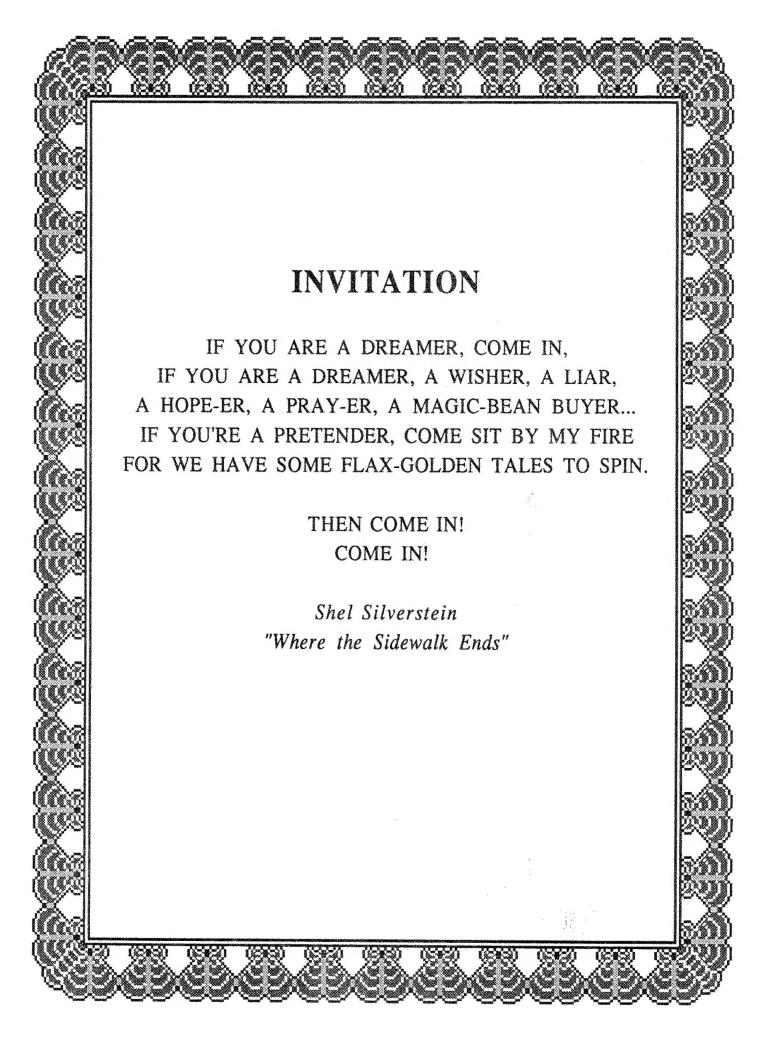
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MORNING STAR...

...is the name of a medieval weapon, but the term also signifies the awakening spirit and potential of young artists and writers at North Scott. This ninth annual collection of creative student expression joins *The Lance*, the school newspaper, and *The Shield*, the yearbook, as productions of the North Scott High School Language Arts Department.

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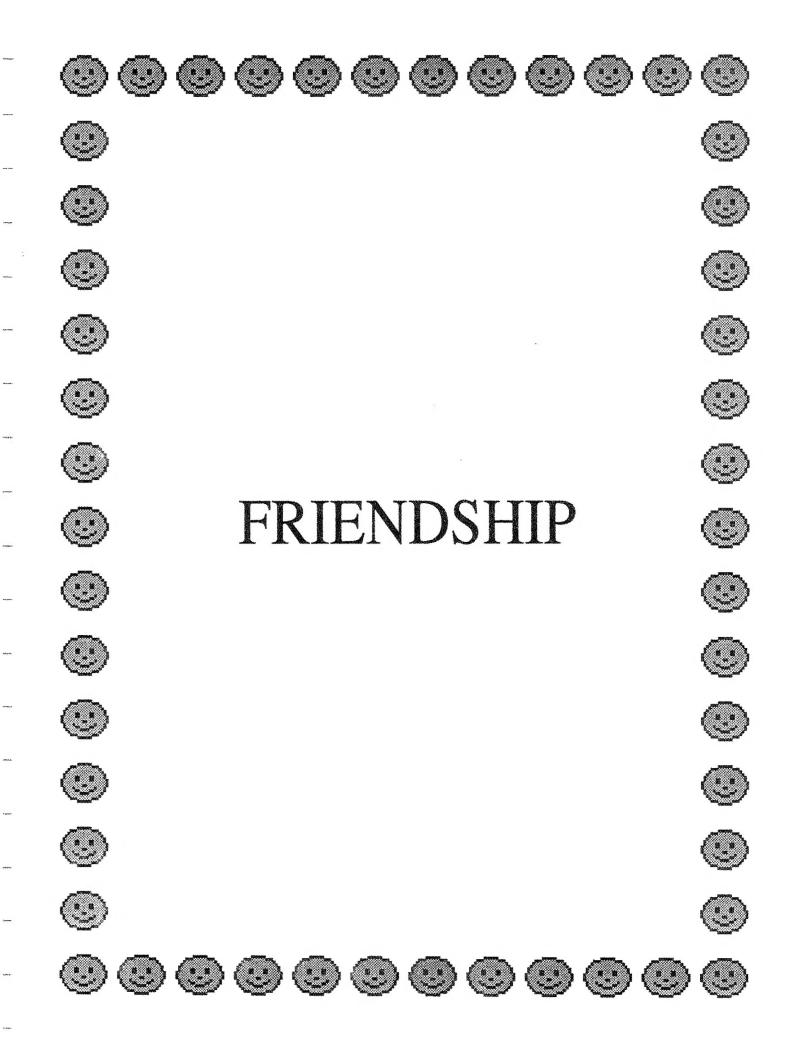




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It's someone like you
that makes my dreams look real
And makes me live life to the fullest
It's someone like you
that makes me realise that I shouldn't grieve over the past, but rather,
focus my attention
and concentrate on what I'm doing now,
It's someone like you that helps me
get through the good and bad times,
through the tears and anger. It's someone like you... I know is my friend.

Tori Peet sophomore

F.

R.

I.

E.

N.

D.

F or my friend, may my trust stay with thee along with the value of we.

R emember the bad and stick with the good for we need to show ourselves, who we are and to who is no good.

I ndeed I will be a friend in need but, I will always repay your deed.

E neouraging the one I will be with when down or with a frown, you'll know I will always be around.

N ever the less I will treat you in the best.

D are not to say I will be perfect from the start but I will always carry a place for you in my heart as a friend for always.

Lynette Shirley freshman

Their Rainbow

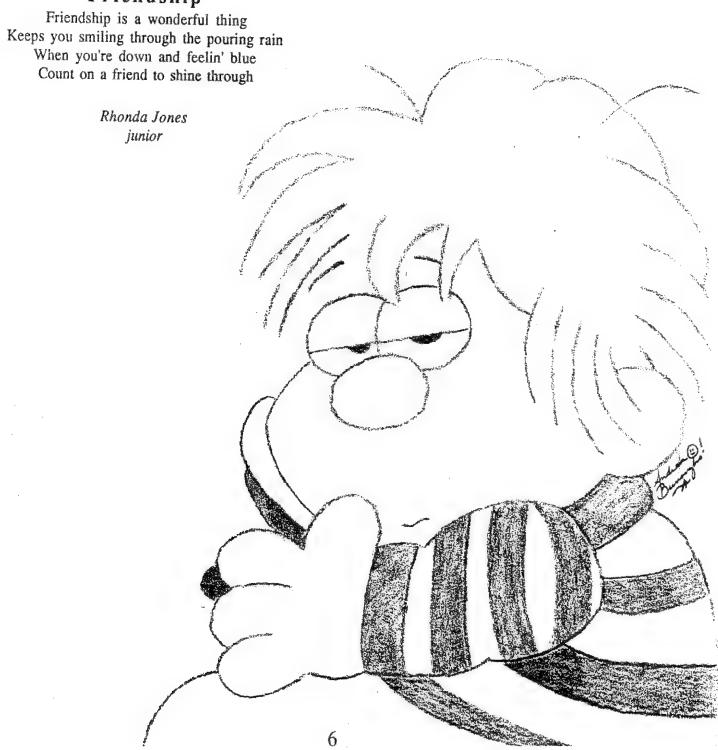
Each of their colors tell us things
that one man may see good
while the other assumption
though many things will happen in ones
life
each person contributes
a little to life
to make one color of their rainbow
glow a little brighter
stronger
to feel power behind every stone
because...

This rainbow of theirs is made of gold.

Dawn DeLong sophomore



Friendship





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WHEN IS IT LOVE?

When you long to be held in his arms, and you hope he never lets go.

Is it love?

When his touch washes away all of the hate in the world, even if it is only for a few moments.

Is it love?

When you feel the softness of his lips against yours, as your heart melts inside.

Is it love?

When that certain glimpse in his eyes, says things that words couldn't begin to express.

Is it love?

When your bodies meet like soft waves, in a great sea of passion.

It is love...

Melissa Stevens sophomore

Dreams

A night, darkness...
The world fades,
The music becomes distant,
I slip into my world.
Everything seems, feels, and to me, is real.
She appears from nowhere,
Her presence lifts my soul,
I am falling.
She speaks to me in a voice all her own,
falling.
We walk alone,
Together, hand in hand.
I look,
She looks,

I've fallen, fallen in love with you, Morning.

Randy Riewerts sophomore

My Broken Heart

I see your tail lights fade into the dark In this lonely house, I still see your mark The nights I share alone are filled with sorrow I'd do anything to have you here tomorrow The love we shared was tattered about In your mind, I soon casted a doubt I could never imagine our love tore apart I guess the world didn't stop, for my broken heart

Holly Wuestenberg senior

The way his eyes twinkle, When he laughs at something I've said.

The way his lips tingle, from my kisses.

The way his hand feels, as he's holding mine.

The soft curve of his chest, as my head lays upon it.

The steady beating of his heart, that keeps my love alive.

The sweet sound of his voice, when he says "I love you."

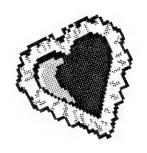
The fact that he would do anything for me, no questions asked.

The way he walks, makes me loose all concentration.

Every step he takes, brings him closer to me.

I love this man, This man is you Andy!

> Brandy McCroskey Senior



I remember the last time you held me, it seems a lifetime ago.

Your skin was warm,

And your words full of love.

During the night,
I whispered your name,
Wishing you would come to me.

If only you could... Wanting so much... To feel your touch, Once more.

Brandy McCroskey Senior

My Love Is Like A Big Old Hunk of Rose Petals

How do I love thee... let me count the ways.

One stupid way.

Two stupid ways.

Three stupid ways.

Well you know, it just goes on from there.

Eric Risius sophomore

My Love Is Like a Chevy Chase Movie

The first time you see it

It is love.

The next few times

It is awe.

You keep watching over and over

It is magic.

Now every time you think of it you laugh your head off.

Eric Risius sophomore

A Piece of Wood

My love began as a piece of wood, a piece with gleaming potential; It rubbed upon a scratched surface, which quickly became a spark!

The spark started a friendship, we thought would never cease; It received care and oxygen, to make a fiery flame!

That hot fire burned strong, it kept our hearts ablaze; As my flame turned to a torch, you became the air I breathed!

Until you began to deaden it, our love meant the world to us; I loved you through all the years, and now even through my tears!

It's almost like you put out your flame, just to make me miserable;
Even though you've gone away,
My torch still burns to stay!

Melissa Goetzke sophomore

LOVE

It takes two to love And one to hold another. It takes two to say it is forever And one to say goodbye. It takes two to make it workout And one to say it's over. It takes two to share their feelings And one to hold them in. It takes two to understand each other And one to pretend. It takes two to make a relationship And one to forget. It takes two to stay together And one for nothing at all. Because it takes two not one.

Carey Thorson sophomore

BROKEN HEARTS

LOVE

Wherever I am I want you there too.

Your love is a bridge between us through.

Our world is bright with lights and dreams.

Hearing "I love you" leaves your face agleam.

You taught me how to care for you,

We touched and shared our feelings too.

Our love makes us a group of one,

We're together till the day is done.

All of the days couldn't prepare me for this,

It's you that I surely will miss.

Sandra Lund sophomore

The rushing of the waters
Fills the broken hearts
So they can be fulfilled
With joy & love
From heaven above to mend
Broken Hearts
They seem to come & go
But don't keep your spirits low
Keep every day bright
Your life will always be right
Even with your
Broken Heart

Sherry Gerardy freshman

American Barbie

Pink is her color
Passion in her stare
She has a dark complection
But not a line to show care
She is made for perfection
Perfection that shows in the men's stares

Teresa West senior

Proximity

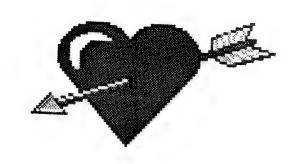
The hazy outline of an eye,
stares deep into the mind.

We are so close and getting closer,
true love is what she will find.

I hold her in my arms so close,
her heart beats with mine.

We speak in whispers through the night,
Oh Lord, please give me time!
My life and world are both for her,
her breath upon my lips.

The security and love overwhelm me,
as we begin to kiss.



Randy Riewerts junior

I love you now as much as I loved you then, Some things changed, Some remained the same.

> Then we were one, Now we are two,

> > SEPARATE.

Whatever happened between me and you?

Brandy McCroskey senior

"Lost Love"

As I Sit Here,
Softly Crying,
My Eyes Wet With Bitter Tears,
I Feel Lost.

If Only My Love Wasn't So Set,
On Someone Who Obviously Wants The Best,
Instead Of Me,
I've got to Let It Be.

I Feel As Though,
My Heart Has Lost It's Love,
All I Feel Is Pain
And The Crying Of A Dove.

I Need to Get Away,
And Leave This Place Of Torment;
I Need To Be Alone,
For Just A Crying Moment.

I Wish I Could Fly Away, And Be Free Of These Chains; I Just Want To Get Away, Far Away From This Pain.

Josh DePover sophomore



For All the Things...

For all the things you say and do, I love you.

For all the hell I've put you through, I love you.

For all the things you've done for me, I love you.

For all the things you've taught me to be, I love you.

For all the smiles you've put on my face, I love you.

For all the times you've got on my case, I love you.

For all the things I've said, For all the future holds, I love you.

For all the things you say and do, I'll always, always love you!

Andrea Burroughs senior

Infatuation

An unbelievable lust over someone.

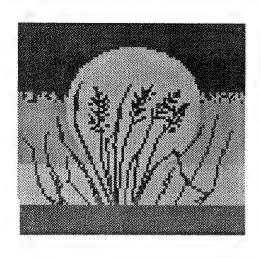
It has no meaning and makes no sense.

It's just there.

It's all you think about.

That "thing" haunts your subliminal conscience until you can stand it no more and then - the spotlight turns to somebody else and the old infatuation turns into a person you cannot stand.

Angela Hansen senior



My heart aches, I know not why, And yet I do. Somethings I say, Stupid they be, Are far from true. The love of my life, Means more to me, Than night or day. Her mysteriousness, Her words not spoken Keep me at bay. And still I wait, Impatient at times And not so well. I love her... My dreams come true,

Only time will tell.

Randy Riewerts junior



DEATH
UNTO
MEN

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Lies

Did you do that, tell me now or is this just another lie Is he who he says he is or could this be a lie Are they telling me the truth or is this just another lie How can I know right from wrong when everyone is telling me lies.

Teresa West senior



Boys

Awsome, Fun
Talking, Laughing, Chasing
Muscle, Chest, Face, Arms
Retarded, Spoiled, Disrespecting
Jerks, Unsensitive
MEN

Alissa Oetzman freshman

DEATH TO ALL THE STINKING MEN

(an ode to men of all caliber and standing)

You silly boy!

Mindless at first but now heartless-

You charmed me to the hilt roses, candy, kisses

Words dripped from your mouth like honey from a hive

Your eyes wide, innocent, overcast

Once blue, now green with envy

You saw not the web I had spun

Or how I calculated each word to prove me pure

I sucked you dry left to the dogs

Like the one before you with clear eyes

He left my heart bleeding and burning

For revenge on all mankind

Heidi Lung senior

NATURE

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Them Mountains

There's nothing like seeing the sky so clear, understanding the nature as a hawk drew near. Snow topped mountains is like walking tight ropes.

OH HOW I LUV THEM MOUNTAINS.

For the sun is out and the air so fresh,
Like the flowers in the Garden of Eden.
Clouds puffed like pillows or cotton in the sky,
I knew that I wasn't just that lonely guy.

OH HOW I LUV THEM MOUNTAINS.

Surrounded by nature as god meant to be,

Experiencing this wonderful happening that god gave to me.

How long have these mountains been here,

How long have they survived,

for in a second I had noticed that it was all alive.

OH HOW I LUV THEM MOUTAINS.





Creeping,
Sneaking,
Crawling,
Slinking,
That's how the cat moves to his prey.

The moment approaches,
The muscles tense
The ears perk up
He is seen.
He makes his move.

Leaps,
Chases,
Runs,
Misses.
Must hunt another prey.

Sara Smith sophomore

The Wave

It rolls onto the shore, quitely lapping the sand,
The water is warm as it slips through my hand.
Some debris washes up, littering the beach,
Then the wave rolls back, taking it out of reach.
I can see sailing ships and surfers go by,
I think many things, and wonder why
It can be calm one minute, and the next, furious,
It makes me wonder, it makes me curious.
The wave is a powerful and beautiful sight,
A special miracle, like the gift of light.
The wave is wonderous, a gift to us all,
I've seen the wave, I marvel the wall.

Teresa Boedeker sophomore

Leaves

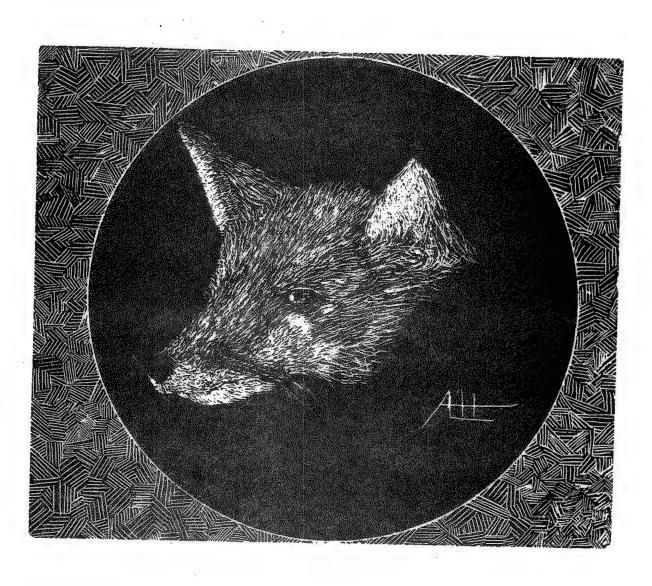
The leaves whisper as they fall.

I don't know what they say;
Maybe of bleak days approaching,
Days without hope,
Days without sorrow,
Winter.

Perhaps they sing of blankets of snow
Protecting,
And the sun blazing its beauty
On the sparkling flakes.

Or moonlight on crisp nights and blazing stars.
Perchance they tell of hope and joy,
The return of love and like,
Spring.

Lynn Voelkel junior



Summer Day

I see the sun shining bright.

I hear the birds singing just right.

I go out in to the bright, full day.

I see the neighbor kids at play.

I take a walk

And stop to talk.

There are so many things to do.

All you have to do is decide what and with who.

Carey Thorson sophomore

Peace Before the Storm

The Wind that moved over our boat on that daily travel, felt like a judge who strikes his gavel.

There was a lull in the storm, where peace rang out, and only the sounds of the waves hit our boat in a gental form.

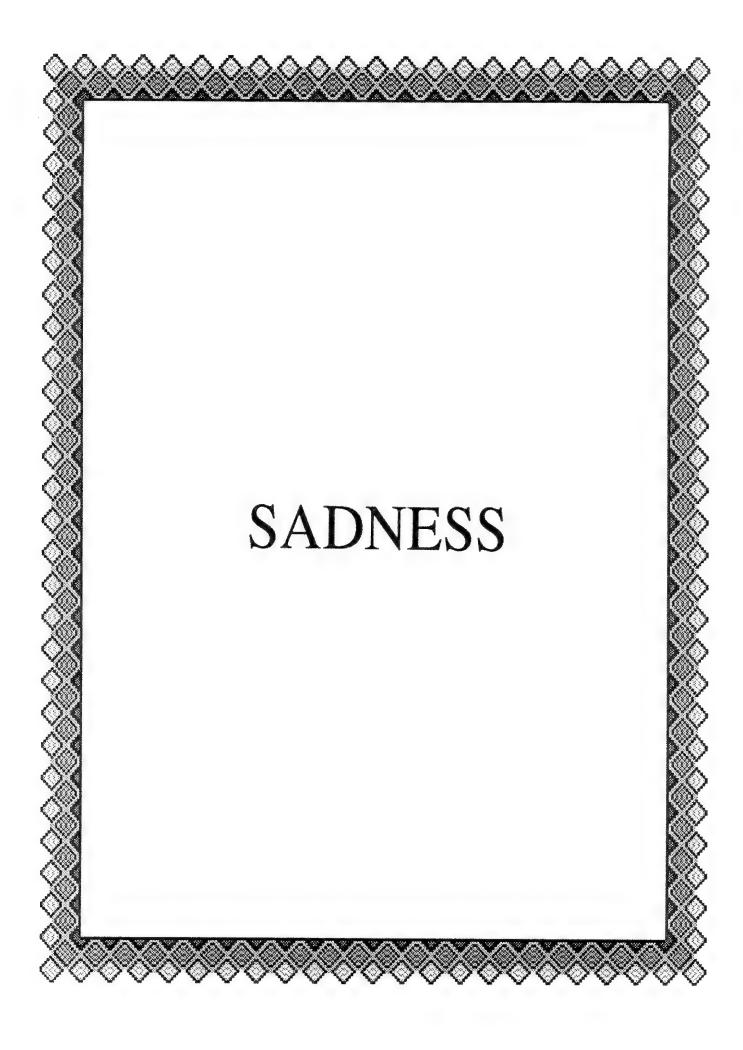
No particular destination, but looking at the storm ahead, there was a certain hesitation.

Karly Klocksiem sophomore

Everchanging Wind

The Wind is a changing stir,
Shifting your thoughts sometimes
like a stranger and his lure
Peacful enough to encourage a
bee off it's flower, yet
beastly enough to
test a man's power.
The Wind isn't a color or a smell,
It's a gentle lullaby only
you can hear and tell.

Karly Klocksiem sophomore



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A Divorced Family

They have killed our family,
And buried our memories.
But never to be forgotten
As I sit here and remain,
helpless and thirsty,
for the love of a deceased family,
The pain will grow
and never end
and never to be forgotten.

Shawnee Kingsley junior

DISTANT

The look in her eyes,
Cold as ice.
Not a trace of humanity.
Staring off into the distance
The whole world around her is
Untouchable.
She lay on the cold, damp floor,
Weak from hunger.
She couldn't hear the sound of the rain
Falling
Tapping against the windowpane.
She was distant
Her heart beating slowly,
As the sunset fell into place.

Shannon Haugland freshman



I Won't Drink My Java Black

I see myself grown up
I see the dim lights of the cafe
I sit near the window watching
the birds bathe in the puddle of
saddness on the sidewalk
Mechanically I order a cup of java
and stir in tiny grains of
sweetness

These dissolve in a whirlpool of black

as my spoon teaches them to waltz
Slowly my eyes lift
they catch the man of my dreams leaving
His eyes enclose mine
and we are in a trance
they strip my mind
and its nakedness
sends shivers up

Then... for what seems an eternity
but to him only a second
My eyes gaze back to the
window

my arms

I see the sky cry again leaving scars upon the ground on which it falls Never to return to the eyes of the saddened

> Heidi Lung senior

Loneliness

I listened to our song as I gazed at his picture. My heartbeat arose and my eyes welled up with tears. My love for him grows more and more each day that we're apart. At this moment in time I reach out in despair, for my love cannot reach him. The tears silently begin to roll down my face, just as a small trinkling of water would flow gently onto the rocks of a small stream bed. But then, what is love without loneliness?

Melissa Stevens sophomore

Life Of The Wanderer

Lying in the gutter,
Under the falling rain.
The only thing you feel,
Is unbridled lasting pain.
This the way of the life,
For those who live in the street
Constant terror and suffering,
Not knowing next when they will eat.
This is the life of the wanderer,
Homeless, and beat.

Derek Reichert sophmore

Using Atomic Bomb

Time is slipping
slipping
slipping
The clock is ticking
ticking
ticking
Children are crying
crying
crying
crying
All the world is dying
dying
dying

Teresa West senior

Life

Freedom, alive
Running, Playing, Jumping
Man, women, childern
human beings
dieing, hating, burning
death

Troy Volbeer freshman

Dandelions

I used to pick dandelions and bring them to Mommy to see her smile I used to play in the fields and felt sorry for the grasshopper I stepped on. I would play in the sandbox and the only tears that would fall would wash the sand from my eyes. But now that has all changed. I'm too old to pick dandelions making Mommy smile is harder to do. I never play anymore, but I still mourn the grasshopper's death. No more sandbox for this baby although the tears fall frequently I miss the life of dandelions Now I'm in a much bigger garden and dandelions just won't do.

Holly Wuestenberg senior

The End

I saw the breath of life go into his body, And then back out.

I wasn't sure when it happened, but in my mind I had no doubt.

I had no hope left but yet I couldn't understand,

how one minute there was Life

Then nothing in my hand

How could it leave? Just be no more?

Or was there something left to fly and soar!

Megan Arensdorf sophomore

TOTALLY **DEPRESSING**

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Child of Sin

In a world of virtue
The Ladies in white
The glittering Knight
So prim and proper
Each soul in its place
More important than justice
A Lord must save face
My eyes are down
I see my feet on the ground
They're so aloof, so different
How thicker could their blood be
Than that of a black smith,
A carpenter, or a harlet?

Andrew Heidgerken sophomore

Nightmares

Dreaming of love, life, happiness Creeping slowly, the darkness of the night. The blanket unfolds in my mind. Wishing, wanting, willing. Thrown from it, ripped from love, running away from the night. Faster I run, but still it catches up with me. Won't it even stop? Screaming for the love, but nobody heard the tears of fear. Closer it gets, yet I can not This thing of my imagination engulfs me, strangling me, hating me. I scream the words, but no one hears, suddenly I am gone. Losing forever the love and life, I once had.

Heather Ball sophomore

We are all dead.
Life is just a dream in
our eternal sleep.
So rise now out of your
motionless state and rub
your eyes.
Your resurrection is upon you.

Kerry McFate senior

Death and destruction is where it's at,

No time for fears and no time for tears.

Life to an extent is more of a game,

Where the winners don't win,

And the losers don't live.

For such a sadness there comes a time,

Even for most,

It's before their prime.

As for the beginning there will be an end,

And live and the world will start again.

Derek Reichert sophomore

As the sun peaks over the horizon,
I feel the heat on my face.
I look into the light,
And my eyes gaze into space.
The distance is insurmountable,
The power, oh so great.
When the light goes out,
It will be to late.
For us on Earth,
That will be our fate.

Derek Riechert sophomore

Destruction

How I long to weave a web Delicate strands of destruction To entwine myself in gauzy shrouds of ignorance Protected from pain

Yet web weaving is not my style I am the soul of the spider Suspicious of the loving butterfly, Untainted and pure Dancing through fields of sunlight

My black imagination takes hold
Vivid thoughts of treachery and adultery
Scare my bleeding mind
Tearing my soul to bits and pieces
Making me ugly and terrible
Disguising beauty from my hungry eye as deceit

I attack the butterfly with accusations
And my untrusting lines
I push and pull
And feel pain

I want to escape from this web entangling me Strangling me Disillusioning my soul with darkness Why can't I see the sun?

How I long to weave a web
Delicate strands of deception
To entwine myself in the gauzy shrouds of ignorance
In the gauzy shrouds of truth

Kimm Meyers senior

Judgement Day

Now I look upon the world From a different point of view A world dead and gone Destroyed by you Missiles and bombs fill the air In a night full of fear Only to wake in mourning With a face full of tears

Now it seems clear to me
What I thought could never be
As I look around now I see
Nothing alive except for me
And I walk aimlessly
Searching for something when there's nothing to see
Every corner I turn hope grasps me
But when the truth's revealed
There's nothing but me

When the war began just a day ago
The threat on our lives began to show
It's erratic how hate can escalate
To the point where the world meets its fate

So we're all not the same, what difference was it makin' It didn't justify for the world to be taken

Now that civil war I can't dismiss

How the hell could it have led to this

I never thought that our lives were in jeopardy
I never dreamed that someday it would be only me
You always thought man would always be
Now look what you've done to the world- what happened to peace

What you've done to this world is misery It's worse that I'm alive in agony Nothing I know can conquer this feat For all that I've learned is obsolete

It's now the end of man
For the future of lives lies in my hands
But why should I care, you cared the least
I'll see you in hell, what happened to peace

With the blade at my throat
I take one last glance
On this Judgement Day
Does man deserve another chance

Ryan Betts & Justin Bell sophomores

Rebel

Children of peace can be here today.

But by next week they will be gone away.

They will go as far, as far as you can't see.

And hide in places you'd never want to be.

They are rebels, that do what you dissapprove.

The children of our God, who doesn't approve.

Teresa West senior

Hell

Through the deep dark hole Only few will pass The hole with no end Never ceasing drop Just like life Only hell is eternal Never pleasing No comfort But pure burning Getting hotter Hotter and hotter as you fall Like swimming in a volcano About ready to blow Never dispair Only hell lasts within the dreadfully frightfull soul You must always let go

> Chad Hardy junior

SAY WUT?

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Lonely Old Men

I always wondered what's going through an old man's mind. When you watch them start talking to themselves.

I wonder if they are remembering old times with friends or maybe they are lonely, and they needed someone to talk to and nobody was there.

Patrick O'Conner sophomore

Fizbandoodle

(Puddlegulp, Fudgewump)
Go buy yo'self a ferrari!
(Blitzengizl, Foonbazweezle)
Eat'n icecream on a safari
(Skaliwags and Drippindrogs)
Livin' life to it's fullest
(Hoopawags, Stibblelocks)
I'm looking for my flannel cow
Have you seen him?

Gerard Heidgerken senior

Drip

Drip... Sap runs down my face

Drip... It collects in my ear

Drip... Where? My ear?

Drip... Where? From a tree

Drip... Gee, a tree

Drip... Maybe I should move?

Drew Heidgerken sophomore

Trout

The life of a salmon
Is the life for me
Swimming, eating, playing
So happy and so free
No fears, no worries
Just eating worms and making caviar
For all of God's creatures,
Only a salmon truely lives
They play salmon games
And sing salmon songs
Salmon don't discriminate
There are no black salmon
No white salmon

Ta happy salmon

No gay salmon

No jewish salmon

There are only salmon salmon

And a salmon salmon

Is what I wish to be!

Gerard Heidgerken senior

ODE TO THE SOCK THAT DISAPPEARS WHEN WASHING LAUNDRY IN THE EARLY MISTY MORN

Oh stocking of deceit
How darest you enrageth me!
Forsooth! If ever you returneth
I shall destroyest thou!
I strideth forth in my wrath
For I now possess only a single lonely sock
My anger unto thou is terrible, indeed!
Thou have much to fear
Oh stocking of deceit.

Gerard Heidgerken senior

Use Your Imagination

It starts slow as you get in place. The smooth rail feels nice against the oil and grease of the wheels.

> You start to climb and as you go up the hill you feel that initial tug that pulls you forward. Beads of perspiration start to drip down your neck and you can barely stand the pressure of knowing what's to come.

There is a slow rhythm that you hear and feel until you reach your point of exhiliration and all hell breaks loose.

You let out a scream as your body is falling from the sky but as soon as it hits the bottom it is ready to rise again and keeps going faster and faster up and down. Until finally it starts slowing and the track ends.

At that point the only thing you can think about is getting right back on and trying it out again. You wait for it --- you dream about it.

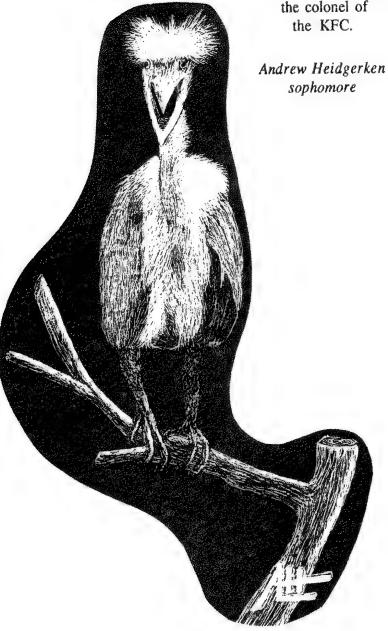
And as soon as that roller coaster starts ascending up the hill --- there is no turning back.

Angela Hansen senior

Kluck!

The cry of a king
of a Lord
Who must do battle
to save his bretheren
from being slaughtered like cattle
To keep them from being beheaded and defeathered
For what kind of king
would he be

would he be
if he didn't save them from
the colonel of

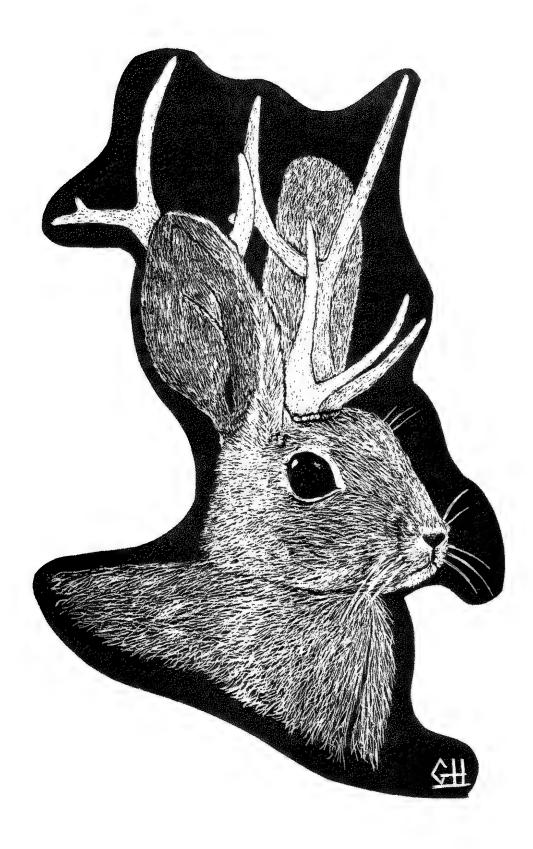


A man can see nothing But himself and wonders why and gets no answer

Jason Huggins sophomore

LEFTOVERS

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The Golfer

As the tee goes into the ground, the golfer is thinking "state bound." As he drives the ball long, straight and far, thinking to himself, just get par. The ball sails and hits the pin. why oh why couldn't it gone in? Only 17 more holes left to attack, hoping and praying he won't end like a hack. As he plays each hole the strokes seem to get less, being quite content knowing he's playing his best. He makes the turn towards #18 tee, thinking c'mon ball sail straight for me. Finally on in a regulation 3, come on putter please, please don't fail me. One putt down with 3 feet left to go, around the cup the ball seems to go so slow. C'mon on God just let it be, for if it falls in, state bound we be. The ball makes slight stop, his heart does the same just as the ball suddenly DROPS!!



Dawn Freitag senior

The Sandbox War

Saddam Hussein, he wanted all the power, But all he got was a bombardial shower.

He threatened the world with nuclear war, We didn't put up with it, so we'll finish the score.

We brought in the troops to show them who is boss, They better watch out cause were really cross.

We kicked their butt all over the field, Next time they'll know, they messed with Dessert Shield.

> Darin Doerscher sophomore

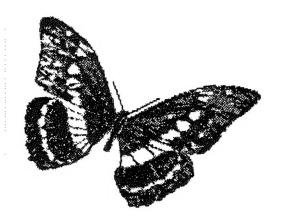
The Looking Glass

Looking in there is someone looking out
Who is you, but cannot shout,
It wants to say, "I'm here"
But it is afraid of your fear!

Bring forth that inner self,
For it needs to find true wealth,
You maybe and confused,
So let it help you to be you!

That being loves the outside,
But cannot escape for back of pride,
Let it out to be free,
And I assure you, they'll love it,
Even me!

Mellisa Goetzke sophomore



The Coat

The coat
hides me,
who I really am.
With it on,
you see only one side of me.
The coat suppresses
creativity and dreams.
It shields my real emotions,
and who I'd like to be.
With it on you don't see my goals,
hopes, and asperations.
You only see someone,
someone always trying to hide
something.

But somethimes I take the coat off, and my spirits and being are one.
Flying out freely in my heart, mind, body and soul.
Miraculously focusing into one point and transforming into people, thoughts, and feelings.

But after the magic is gone, the coat slips back on. And I can't take it off until the lights go back on, the eyes are on me, and the wood stage beneath my feet.

Cristina Higareda sophomore

The Production

Places everyone, places;
Lights please;
Quiet on the set;
Music...playing;
Curtains...up;
Dancers, Dancing;
Singers, Singing;
Actors, Acting!

The show is stupendous!

Melissa Goetzke sophomore

Jordan

Awsome, Incredable
Flying, Dunking, Winning
MVP, Bulls, Champion, Olympics
Boring, Crying, Loosing
Whimp, Celtics
Bird

Terry Haase freshman

The Singer

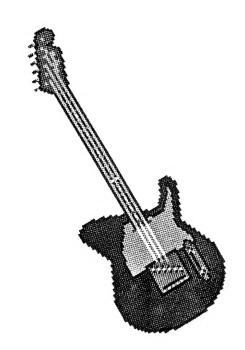
The singer sings with heart and soul.

He trys his best to soothe one's soul.

Though when he's done and the glory is gone.

The singer seeks for another song.

Mathew Whistler sophomore



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